# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

*Associate Editors*

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

## A Quarter Hour Silence—II

*By* FRANK CARLETON DOAN

## The Story of My Experiments with Truth

*Chapter XX. By* M. K. GANDHI

## Abolish the "Golden Rule"

*By* THEODORE SCHROEDER

## Book Reviews

*By* JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1926 NUMBER 26

### OUTLAW WAR!

**"War cannot be ended by more war any more than a drowning man can be resuscitated by pouring more water down his throat. The type of mind and intellectual attitudes which are developed for and by war are those which bring to the fore practically all of the baser traits of human nature and intensify hatred and savagery, while reducing the potency of those mental operations which are conducive to pacific adjustments and mutual cooperation. *It is only by attacking war head on,* and making clear its multifarious contributions to human brutality and waste, as well as by proving the futile and unnecessary nature of every war, that we can make headway, if at all, against modern militarism and the war spirit."**

—*Harry Elmer Barnes,*
in "The Genesis of the World War."

---

Word has come that Gandhi has abandoned his projected visit this summer to Finland. We believe that the Mahatma has been moved by his accustomed wisdom in making this decision. His own deep-rooted conviction, frequently expressed, that his place is in India, is fundamentally sound—especially at this time of uncertainty and confusion in Indian affairs. Furthermore, there is the serious question of Gandhi's health—could he in his frail condition safely make a journey to northern climes, without change of garb or diet, and escape the hazard of death? Then, too, there is the question as to whether our western world is prepared to receive the Mahatma in that spirit of undestanding which could alone make his work effective. Thousands of disciples, who have come to know him in all the wonders and beauty of his spiritual power, would flock to him, to bow in reverence at his feet. But we tremble to think of the general public reaction upon so unique and distinctive a personality. The gulf between East and West is here wellnigh absolute—we doubt if even Gandhi could bridge it in our present prevailing state of base obsession with luxury, pleasure, novelty and excitement. Gandhi would be a success of curiosity—no doubt about that! The lecture platforms would bid for him—the tabloids would scream about him. But how deep would the sensation go, or how long remain? We believe that Gandhi should stay in Ahmedabad, as Tolstoy stayed at Yásnaya Polyána, and let the world come on pilgrimage to *him!* Already his words carry to the ends of the earth—the day-by-day example of his life shines like a central sun upon mankind. Let him hold to his fixed place—let him read his destiny today in terms not of a Ptolemaic but of a Copernican universe; and more and more the gravitation of the spirit will draw men unto him, like planets to the sun, and bind them forever to his divine attraction.

---

There is something almost uncanny in the way the Senatorial primaries are defining the World Court issue in this country. Without one single exception to date, senators who voted for the entrance of the United States into the Court have been defeated in the primary elections, and senators who voted against such entrance have been victorious. The latest instance is Missouri, where Senator George H. Williams, Republican, an anti-World Court man, was triumphantly returned. In the same state, in the Democratic primaries, an anti-World Court man, Representative Harry B. Hawes, was chosen to be William's opponent in the November elections. Of course, in these primary contests, other issues have played their part; the "wet" and "dry" controversy has been especially conspicious. But in all these contests, as well, the World Court issue has appeared to some extent or other, and always the candidates have declared "for" or "against." One or two decisions of this sort would have little significanse. But when decisions multiply in number, are registered in various parts of the country and under various political conditions, and all without exception turn against the Court, it means something. Whether we believe in the World Court or not, it is obvious that the country does *not,* and that the publicity campaign which forced the hand of the Senate under the crack of the Cloture whip, was one of the biggest shams ever perpetrated upon the people. We do not wonder that Senator Borah has high hopes of reversing this high-handed action. But perhaps this will not be necessary, as it is becoming increasingly evident that the Senatorial reservations will defeat our entrance into the Court, as similar reservations, under different conditions, defeated our entrance into the League. Professor Manley O. Hudson, ardent pro-Court and pro-League man, writing from Geneva to the New York *Times* (August 5th), states that he finds "a feeling of decided reluctance to accept the Senate's fifth reservation."

---

We don't like to confess too much to our readers, lest our editorial infallibility fall into question. But

we have to confess, with however great reluctance, that this Prohibition problem, at least as presented by the "wets," is getting to be too much for us. Here are the "wets" telling us that Prohibition is a farce—that there is more liquor being drunk in this country than ever before—that "bootleggers" are themselves the chief supporters of the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act, so great a help are these to their business—and so on, *ad libitum, ad infinitum.* If the wet propaganda is to be trusted, a flood of alcoholic stimulants is pouring into every port, and rushing over every frontier. But now notice! Here comes a man—a seasoned traveler resident in Boston, just returned from France on his 102nd trans-Atlantic voyage—who is not thinking of the liquor problem at all. He is concerned with the debt situation, and more particularly the sudden flare-up of ill-feeling in France against the United States. Seeking the causes of this startling phenomenon, he says, "The French consider that we are forcing them to burn the candle at both ends. They feel that *we have ruined the export market for their wine,* in itself almost enough to impoverish them under the conditions since the war. In addition we are calling on them—to pay their debts." Now here is the kind of thing that forces us, in desperation, to confess that this Prohibition problem is too much for us. Here on the one hand are we told that America is "wetter" than ever, and on the other hand that the French "export market for their wine is ruined"! This is an "Alice in Wonderland" situation, of course. Or worse, it is a new sample of "squaring the circle," or "perpetual motion," or two objects occupying the same point at the same time. What we have here, obviously, is a fundamental contradiction; both of these propositions cannot be true. Either America is not as "wet" as formerly, or else the export in wine out of France and into the United States, is not ruined at all but, on the contrary, more prosperous than ever. For ourselves, we have no doubt as to where the truth lies. The testimony of the European traveler is that unconscious and thus unbiased testimony which is always most conclusive. *Prohibition is effective enough in this country to ruin the export trade of the greatest wine-producing nation in the world.* Which means, first, that America is drying up, and, secondly, that the liquor still available is the "hooch" produced within our own borders, which kills more often than it cures.

---

The New York *Times* prints a "character sketch" of John S. Sumner, Executive Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, from which we quote the following:

> He believes that a good many publishers 'want to skate on as thin ice as the law allows,' as he told some half-dozen publishers who had brought book manuscripts to him to see if he thought they came within the obscene or disgusting class. In all the manuscripts submitted Mr. Sumner found passages that, to use his own phrase, 'were objectionable,' and the books appeared minus those passages.

In our opinion, Mr. Sumner is a sincere, courageous, singularly high-minded man, but the power he would appear to possess is a dangerous instrument in his or anybody else's hands. Mr. Sumner is only a private citizen; he has no official status; he is not an officer of the law; he is responsible to no one. He is not an author; he has had no training in the art of criticism; he is simply a self-created czar, just as his predecessor, Mr. Comstock, was. Any censorship is bad enough; this type of irresponsible, personal censorship is, "to use his own phrase, 'objectionable.'" No man of letters, with normal pride in his own enterprise and judgment, would tolerate such interference with his manuscript. No self-respecting publisher would solicit such judgment. No healthy-minded reader would knowingly read a work "edited" by such a person. Plainly there is something wrong with American letters. Is it Mr. Sumner? Is it the publishers who, spinelessly, go to him for advice? Is it the writers who submit themselves to his mandate? Is it the reading public who tolerate his intereference? Is it the law which permits or exacts a situation in which all concerned—Mr. Sumner, the publishers, the writers, the public—are more or less helpless?

---

We have no intention of joining in the current campaign against Roman Catholicism, but the following unlovely narrative, clipped from the New York *Sunday News* for August 1st, has a significance which we feel deserves comment:

**HIS NAP DELAYS WEDDING OF MAN, 73, TO BRIDE, 15**

> A tired man of 73, white-haired and white-mustached, lay sleeping in his old clothes yesterday afternoon in his home at 135 Twenty-second street, Brooklyn. The clock struck 5 and 6. The old man slept on. He was tired.
>
> In the festive parlor of another house in Brooklyn a 15-year-old girl in a white satin wedding gown fidgeted and sobbed. Outside a crowd of 1,000 or so neighbors waited uneasily for a sight of the bridal couple.
>
> Giuseppe, the bride's elder brother, was finally sent out to see what was wrong. Somewhat indignantly he roused the old man. The bridegroom was driven back to his fiancee's home, and there, as fast as trembling fingers permitted, he changed into a new brown suit, which sagged because it was too large for him.
>
> And so Benneto Ferrara and Rosalia Giarrupto of 648 East Eighty-fifth street, Brooklyn, were married after all—three hours late—by the Rev. John Vogel.
>
> Four years ago Ferrara was sentenced to two years in prison on a charge of endangering the morals of Rosalia, then 11. In his code only marriage could wipe out the stain, and Ferrara promised that when he got out of prison he would make everything right.
>
> Two weeks ago he gave the girl a $400 engagement ring, $1,000 in cash, and a diamond-studded wrist watch. Her wedding ring is crusted with small diamonds. A former street cleaner, the bridegroom has grown wealthy.

It is a long time since we have seen in the public prints a story so sordid, so depraved. A man 69 years of age is sent to prison for attempted assault upon a girl 11 years old. He serves his term and is released.

The girl's family, knowing the senile degenerate to be wealthy, promotes a "marriage" in which this vicious criminal and this helpless child are the principals. The precious elder brother appears in the picture as a scoundrel blacker than the retired street cleaner. But the church which sanctioned this violation of primitive decency deserves still greater condemnation. Any priest capable of presiding at such a scene is unworthy of his robe. Any religious body within the limits of which such a bargain can be made is apt to deserve the harshest treatment conceivable. What is happening in Mexico may happen elsewhere. Before the Catholic hierarchy complains of "persecution" let it make sure that complaint is not justified.

---

# A Quarter Hour Silence

*(Un quart d'heure pour Dieu.)*

## A Wrong Way

II

In the early days of the "Quarter Hour Silence" movement, the writer carried on a rather lively and most instructive correspondence with inquirers to whom meditating was a new, untried and, as it turned out, difficult and perplexing undertaking. The number and nature of these inquiries made two things very evident at the outset of the movement. Their number on the one hand revealed how widespread among men and women in all walks of life today is this hunger for these fruits of the Spirit which can only be grown in the silent places of the soul. And their nature on the other hand disclosed how *gauche* in manner and how ill at ease in spirit is the average man when first he ventures into the regions of the Invisible, how far and at times how almost ludicrously astray he wanders in these unfamiliar ways of the Spirit.

These discoveries were at once cheering and disheartening. It is cheering to know that men and women in this hurrying, racketing age are turning at last into the silent places of their own souls to learn of the peace and be led by the enlightenment which are there. But at the same time it is rather disheartening to learn how like a helpless child the average man is when he takes his first steps in these realms of the Spirit, how lacking in coordination the several members of his spirit; how unsteady his spirit-gait, wavering, stumbling, inconstant; how ill-directed the movements of his spirit in this his first venture into the Unknown, going left when he should go right, down instead of up, out when in is the better way; his spirit for all the world like the body of a little child in its first toddling efforts to stand and walk uprightly.

The novice in this art of meditating is apt to miss at first the Pisgah-view, that amplitude of vision which those more adept in the art had promised him. His spirit is willing but, alas, he knows not the way! A beginner, he is lacking in what might be called spiritual *savior vivre:* he does not know how to act, can hardly breathe in these higher altitudes of the Spirit. In wandering about on the heights, feeling for a foothold, gasping for breath, his spirit is apt to go astray and fall into one or another of the pitfalls that are there. For, as every experienced traveler knows, pitfalls do await any man who, uninstructed in the ways of the Spirit, and unwary, ventures into this region. Our correspondence reveals many of these pitfalls into which the adventurer will surely fall who takes the wrong way to the heights or who, once there looks the wrong way toward the Eternal.

I

One of our correspondents, with unconscious humor, laments that "before ever I have meditated five minutes, much less fifteen, I am sound asleep!" The fact is this mortified novice is going through an experience which is well-nigh universal with beginners in this art of meditation. Even Moggallāna, who later became one of Buddha's most trusted and influential disciples, dozed off the first time he tried to meditate on the enlightenment, the joy, the peace his Master assured him he would find in Nirvana. And Buddha is said to have roused him and chided him, gently and no doubt with a smile of secret understanding, saying: "Remember, Moggallāna, torpor is not . . . silence!" It is a mistake to suppose, as most beginners do, that in order to "enter the silence," one must empty his mind of *all* content. Sleep lies that way! Meditating in fact is a filling not an emptying process. True, the seeker after eternal things does drive all temporal creatures from the outer court of the temple of his soul,—all the worthless worries which cost him so dearly in the course of the day, the groundless fears, the teasing irritabilities, the dull depressions of the daily round. But a man, it should be said in passing, is never so wide-awake as on these momentous occasions when he whips these evil passions out and opens his wondering eyes to the eternal things he then sees there in the inner court of his soul,—confidence, courage, patience, joy, and such like eternal passions. Witness Buddha and Jesus. Buddha was never so inwardly alive as on certain occasions when his followers thought him dead; Jesus never so inwardly awake as when his disciples thought him asleep. Though seeming unconscious, they both were "thinking on these things,"—peace, love, joy.

II

Another correspondent writes: "By the time I have meditated for only a few minutes of my allotted

fifteen my whole mind revolves itself into a kind of slush!" This exasperated novice didn't actually fall asleep, but his final estate of mind was even worse than the man's who did. The sleeper did at least get some no doubt much-needed rest, whereas this other unfortunate novice, too wide awake, was going on and on, wearisomely muddling about in the mire of his own confusion and getting nowhere. But the trouble with both these novitiates is the same: *it is impossible to meditate on nothing!* He who attempts that will either fall fast asleep, as in the one case, or as in the other his stream of consciousness will become all clogged up with the flotsam and jetsam of his more temporal passions, and trampled into mire by his futile attempts to extricate himself from his own confusion of mind.

III

There are always some souls however who, either by natural instinct or by acquired learning, know how to escape both these pitfalls. They do not drop into a state either of somnolence or of slushiness of soul. But they do fall into a state of fantasy which, also, is far worse! They deceive themselves by fancying they are happy or wise or full of peace, when in actual waking fact they are nothing of the sort. By this process of self-deception they corrupt this noble creative art of meditation into what the new psychologists call an "escape mechanism." In the real world they are unhappy, sick at heart. This, as often as not, because of their own folly, lack of courage, want of understanding. Their secret desire indeed is that they may fall asleep to awaken either no more or in a happier world, a healthier state of mind. And they turn to meditation as the way out of all their troubles. They do escape this real world into a world of seeming peace. But it is an illusory world, devoid of all substance; and its peace is the peace of death, the death of the man's soul who lies down and abides too long in its soporific atmosphere. Let him partake too long of that narcotic brand of peace and the sleep of death shall come upon him!

Real practice in the art of meditation goes to show that no good ever comes of this rather craven retreat from the real world, this rather unmanly refusal to suffer the natural consequences of one's own folly, this general unwillingness to put one's own shoulder under and help bear the burdens of one's fellow-pilgrims along the way of life. To call black white, bitter sweet, to disguise the spirit of Folly in the garments of Wisdom in no wise changes the so-called "brute facts" of real life. The soul wins no real victory by this "peace at any price" policy, no glory in thus retreating from the real world in which its bodily members are "warring together." You do not see Buddha in retreat like that, nor Jesus, nor Marcus Aurelius, nor any other of the adepts and past masters of this art of meditation. They knew the world in which they were begotten; faced it with all its sins, follies, uglinesses; but by deep meditation on the real things of the soul they were able triumphantly to conquer this world of their nativity, and to transfigure it with the light of a great inward righteousness, wisdom, beauty.

It is as if these great ones were wanting to speak to us of this present generation, to warn us and guide us in the right way, saying: "Foolish children, ye who seek life in this way of death! It wouldn't be so sad if this peace which you now would gain at any price, even at the cost of your own living souls, were a lasting peace. But it isn't! Sooner or later he who thinks to escape the burdens, the sorrows, the follies, the pains of the world by so simple a device as the turning of his back upon them will discover his tragic error. He will learn, if only it be not too late, that these things which so torment his spirit are not in the world outside that he can turn his back upon them. They are within him, he must carry them with him wheresoever his spirit-steps may take him. This, until he shall find a better way. It is within himself if anywhere that he shall find that better way;—the strength to bear his own very real burdens, the oil of gladness for his own very real spirit of sadness, the wisdom to see through his own very real follies, the balm to heal his own very real and, truth to tell, self-inflicted wounds.

The right way of meditation, to put it all still more practically,—a hard way withal,—is it to crowd these evil thoughts and propensities out of one's soul? Yes, but to do this effectively, to crowd these evil things out once and for all time, one must fill one's whole soul with their spiritual opposites,—with the very Spirit of confidence, joy, understanding, heartsease, health and wholeness and newness of life. True, this is a long difficult ofttimes wearisome process, requiring at times an almost superhuman self-discipline. It costs much time and energy of soul. But it pays! the victory over soul-death is certain! the reward is lasting! For this right way of meditation, if a man persist therein, will bring him to enter at last into the Eternal, to partake of the power and the peace and the joy which are there.

There is no free and easy way of escape from the hard and ugly places of life. This is the first discovery the novice makes who enters into this way of meditation. And the discovery often throws him into a highly morbid state of mind. Unable to escape the brute-facts of life by turning his back upon them, he concludes in his despair that there is no escape for him. Finding that he must look squarely in the face even the more ugly aspects of his soul, its unlovely passions of envy, greed, hatred and the like, he becomes morbidly conscious of their presence within him, morbidly ashamed of his sins and follies, his slothfulness and inconstancy of spirit. He despairs of himself. He may even despair of the Eternal and doubt if there be any

Steadfastness, any Beauty, any Light for him there. "Woe is me," he cries. "I have sought thee, O Eternal, even in the deep places of my own soul sought thee. And thou art not there! Can it be that I have by the ugliness, the darkness of my own foolish unenlightened spirit finally driven thy Holy Spirit out? Alas, how shall I ever escape from my own self-imprisonment, or having escaped whither go to find freedom from the guilt which is mine?"

Poor soul, he is wandering about in one of these cunningly concealed pitfalls which encompass every, even the best-intentioned, man who follows in the wrong way of meditation. The strength he seeks, the beauty, the light are there, deep-hidden within his own soul. But he must first face the weak and ugly creature-passions which are also there, unashamed and unafraid face them, and cast them out. He must then grope his way through this outer court into his soul's inner holy of holies. And then, being worthy at last, he shall find and enter into the strength, the beauty, the light he has so long sought after. And this indeed is a "strenuous" business, as Buddha is more than once reported to have said. In this struggle from the outer to the inner temple of his soul a man must "sweat blood," as they once said Jesus did.

The writer has had no pleasure in thus pointing out the wrong way of meditation; sadness rather. His one comfort is the hope that some reader, thus forewarned, may avoid the wrong and find the right way. The thing is to enter into the Silence not sleepily, not slushily, not morbidly, but with one's whole being wide awake, clear-minded, hopefully intent upon finding within one's own deepest soul the riches of the Spirit. Though hidden, they are surely there for him whosoever has the patience to search for them in the right way. Putting aside all slothfulness, waxing more and more strenuous in spirit with each day's quarter hour of meditation, repenting of his every weakness and folly of spirit but not as one who is without hope, lamenting his every unworthiness but not as one who "has no health in him," such a man through daily communion with the Eternal Spirit within him will surely find peace at last. Abiding joy will slowly displace all the passing sorrows of his life, an increasing strength overcome his every weakness of spirit. He will develop eyes of the Spirit wherewith to see through the visible to the invisible; hands of the Spirit wherewith to weigh the imponderables there; ears of the Spirit wherewith to hear the word which is withholden from those who "having ears, hear not." Peace at last, a heavenlike peace wherein all this warring of earthly passions among his members shall be stilled.

In short the first principle of right-minded meditation is this: meditation, to give life to a man, must be wholesome in its spirit, its one great purpose being not to empty the soul of all ugly, unworthy unpleasant elements, not that so much as to fill his soul with positive worthiness, beauty, joy. To learn this art is no easy holiday pastime but a discipline requiring daily and regular exercising of the soul's more comely parts. This for most people is a long, tedious, often times discouraging process, needing all that a man can command of fortitude of spirit and of fidelity to the Most High within his own soul. Of this "strenuous life of meditation," to use a phrase long ago attributed to Buddha, and how to follow it in the right way we shall write in another essay in our issue of next week.

FRANK CARLETON DOAN.

[To be concluded]

---

# American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

I

An item in a morning paper intimates how difficult it is for a nation to get race prejudice out of its system. It reads as follows, "Undaunted by handcuffs which held them securely together, two negroes escaped from Patrolman Dotson at Maynard Avenue and Jackson Street last night. The negroes were arrested in a room, etc." It is almost a universal practice in American newspapers to print the fact that someone engaged in a crime is a Negro—if such be the case. And Negro is generally spelled with a small "n." This practice, of course, tends to connect Negroes with crime, to arouse race prejudice which makes for misunderstandings and sometimes leads to riots. However, this practice may disappear quickly, when enough people call attention to the injustice, for Americans are good natured. This same paper carried a full-column complimentary story about a Chinese, visiting the city, who a few years ago had been one of its cartoonists; and one of its best department writers at present is a Negro. With the years, race prejudice is passing.

II

An American, by the name of Alexander, last week, took a novel and effective way of leaving the world. He blew himself to pieces with a stick of dynamite. He was a debt victim. The note he left behind marks the cause of his defeat and weariness with life.

> If my body is found I wish to be cremated and the ashes thrown in the sea. . . I wish to spare everyone all unnecessary expense. . . . You will find all that is left of me down near the creek, on the trail. . . . There won't be much left if the dynamite does its stuff. . . . Easy credit is our worst enemy.

While not inclined to moralize, I am led to remark, when I survey the millions of automobiles, and other things, bought on the credit plan, that "easy credit" has

a lot of dynamite possibilities in it for the future of America.

III

Gov. Wallace R. Farrington, of Hawaiian Territory, has been spending a few months in the States, cultivating close relations between the Islands and the Mainland. He is extending a general invitation to the "paradise of the Pacific" with her attractions of climate, scenery, ukulele music, hula hula girls, pineapples and sugar. He is saying to the people that Hawaii looks forward to the day when she may be numbered among the States. He does not at all favor the idea of independence. He thinks it would be a mistake for the Philippines to gain independence. Far better would it be for the Philippines to be a Territory of the U. S. A. looking forward to ultimate statehood. Meanwhile, however, a movement for Philippine independence is growing, not only among the Filipinos but among Americans, the latter feeling that independence was promised to them by the U. S. A. and that the promise should be kept. But, King Rubber has entered upon the stage,—and who knows how the Philippines struggle for independence will come out? One "average American" squints northward toward Tokyo and westward toward Singapore and remarks, "Guess, better keep the Islands." Another "average American," remembering his own political history and the God of Justice that overtakes nations, remarks, "Guess, we'd better keep our pledge to grant independence, and these Islands,—why, anyway, they're a liability." And public sentiment is thus a bit choppy on the question.

And here I introduce a "Song of World Brotherhood" (tune of "Love Divine") that was written by Fanny Bixby Spencer, that expresses an emotion that is runing very fast and powerfully in the heart of America.

Long we've sung of blood and glory,
  Country, flag and battle scar.
Old and mellow is the story
  Of the virile clash of war.
But no longer brute compulsion
  Can coerce the thinking mind,
For a bitter soul-revulsion
  Grips the conscience of mankind.

As we search primordial sources
  Of the hate of man to man,
We release creative forces
  To work out a nobler plan.
Thus I claim a world-wide dwelling;
  Frontier can no longer bar.
Love of man to man compelling,
  I renounce the way of war.

Henceforth I shall know my brother,
  Black or brown or white his skin.
Be his creed mine own or other,
  No ill-will shall enter in.
Nature's spacious law commanding,
  Life evolves to conscious good.
With awakened understanding,
  I affirm World Brotherhood.

Such thoughts and emotions as these must be noted when America is considered.

IV

But Americans are not all alike. Over 500 young "fundamentalist" Christians have been holding a national convention on the Pacific Coast, this week. They are connected with the United Presbyterian Church. Here is the way one of the delegates, 17 years old, explained the matter, "Sure, it is all true—Jonah? Why listen, Mister, if man can make that"—waving his hand toward a locomotive—"couldn't God make a fish that would eat man? Sure, he could—Evolution? Anybody that wants to can say he is descended from a monkey, but I'll say I'm not." This young man came a thousand miles to say that. The fundamentalist movement promises to be very active in the political and ecclesiastical life of the land. It always seems to me that the angels get many a laugh out of what goes on among mortals in the name of religion.

V

And now Mexico promises to present a very interesting and important drama in American history. In the U. S. A. the state and church machinery have been from the beginning kept pretty well apart,—for the good of both. The experience of Mexico has been different. In that land, the Church (Catholic) has for many decades held a high hand in the political life. Some of the prelates have been greedy, as always in unchallenged domination. The tables have now turned. The present government is attempting to drive the Church out of politics. Great resistance has been shown by the clerics. Even the Pope has taken a hand and called upon all the faithful in all lands to pray for the "restoration of justice in Mexico." Mexico is likely to be the scene of a religious strife, that the American continent has not known for many years, if ever. In "the shadow stands" the oil and mine interests of the States, "keeping" watch over what they hope will fall to be "their own." The reactionary interests of business and religion seem to find common ground. Let me quote the sentiments of my friend, Rev. Hubert Herring, secretary of the social service bureau of the Congregational churches of America. He recently led a deputation of a score of influential churchmen on an investigation tour through Mexico,—a kind of a fact-finding visit. He returned convinced of several things: Mexico has leadership that is to be trusted; the American ambassador was a great disappointment, in the deadening chill of his attitude, his unyielding, unconsciously cruel failure to understand what is happening in Mexico today, in his ceaseless refrain about rights and lives, American rights and lives. "America should don sackcloth and ashes for what she has done to Mexico for 100 years." As to the Church,

"There is religion in Mexico. The people of Mexico have found the Church an instrument of oppression and an agent of reaction. Therefore, they brush the Church aside. Mexico does not want protestantism. The church that is to be will be born out of the old Church."

SYDNEY STRONG.

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## NEARER THAN HANDS AND FEET

No temple do I rear
  to worship God:
His temple is the street,
  Or springing sod.

No prayer I make to Him
  Who cares for all:
Lo, He is by my side
  Before I call.

No song to Him I raise
  In any key:
In labor or in rest,
  With God is best
  Community.

S. A. SAUNDERS.

# The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

CHAPTER XX

### Acquaintance with Religions

Towards the end of my second year in England I came across two Theosophists,—brothers, and both unmarried. They talked to me about the "Gita." They were reading Sir Edwin Arnold's translation—"The Song Celestial"—and they invited me to read the original with them. I felt ashamed as I had read the divine poem neither in Sanskrit nor in the vernacular. I was constrained to tell them that I had not read the "Gita" but that I would gladly read it with them, and that though my knowledge of Sanskrit was meagre, still I hoped to be able to understand the original to the extent of telling where the translation failed to bring out the meaning. I had heard of Sir Edwin Arnold only in connection with his rendering of the "Bhagavad Gita." I began reading it with them. The verses in the second chapter

> If one
> Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs
> Attraction; from attraction grows desire,
> Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
> Recklessness; then the memory—all betrayed—
> Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind,
> Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone.

made a deep impression on my mind, and they still ring in my ears. The book struck me as one of priceless worth. The impression has ever since been growing on me with the result that I regard it today as the book par excellence for the knowledge of truth. It has afforded me invaluable help in my moments of gloom. I have read almost all English translations of it, and I regard Sir Edwin Arnold's as the best. He has adhered to the strict meanning of the text and yet it does not read like a translation. Though I read the "Gita" with these friends, I cannot pretend to have studied it then. It was only after some years that it became a book of daily reading.

The brothers also recommended Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," which I read with even greater interest than I did the "Bhagavad Gita." Once I had begun it I could not leave off. They also took me on one occasion to the Blavatsky Lodge and introduced me to Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant. The latter had just then joined the Theosophical Society and I was following with great interest the controversy about her conversion. The friends advised me to join the Society, but I politely declined saying, "With my meagre acquaintance of my own religion I do not want to belong to any religious body." I recall having read, at the brothers' instance, Madame Blavatsky's "Key to Theosophy." This book stimulated in me the desire to read books on Hinduism, and disabused me of the notion fostered by the Missionaries that Hinduism was rife with superstition.

About the same time I met a good Christian from Manchester in a vegetarian boarding house. He talked to me about Christianity. I narrated to him my Rajkot recollections. He was pained to hear them. He said, "I am a vegetarian, I do not drink. Many Christians are meat-eaters and drink, no doubt; but neither meat-eating nor drinking is enjoined by Scripture. Do please read the Bible." I accepted his advice and he got me a copy. I have a faint recollection that he himself used to sell copies of the Bible and I purchased from him an edition containing maps, concordance, and other helps. I began reading it but I could not possibly read through the Old Testament. I read the book of Genesis and the chapters that followed invariably sent me to sleep. But just for the sake of being able to say that I had read it, I plodded through the other books with much difficulty and without the least interest or understanding. I disliked reading the book of Numbers.

But the New Testament produced a different impression, especially the Sermon on the Mount which went straight to my heart. I compared it with the "Gita." The verses, "But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man take away thy coat let him have thy cloak too," delighted me beyond measure and put me in mind of Shamal Bhatt's "For a bowl of water, give a goodly meal," etc. My young mind tried to unify the teaching of the "Gita," the "Light of Asia" and the Sermon on the Mount. That renunciation was the highest form of religion appealed to me greatly.

This reading whetted my appetite for studying the lives of other religious teachers. A friend recommended Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship." I read the chapter on the Hero as a prophet and learnt of the Prophet's greatness and bravery and austere living.

Beyond this acquaintance with religion, I could not go at the moment, for reading for the examination left me scarcely any time for outside subjects. But I took mental note of the fact that I should read more religious books and acquaint myself with all the principal religions.

And how could I help knowing something of Atheism, too? Every Indian knew Bradlaugh's name and his so-called Atheism. I read some book about it, the name of which I forget. It had no effect on me, for I had already crossed the Sahara of Atheism. Mrs. Besant, who was then very much in the limelight, had turned to Theism from Atheism and that fact also strengthened my aversion to Atheism. I had read her book "How I became a Theosophist."

It was about this time that Bradlaugh died. He was buried in the Woking Cemetery. I attended the funeral, as I believe every Indian residing in London did. A few clergymen also were present to do him the last honors. On our way back from the funeral we had to wait at the station for our train. A champion atheist from the crowd heckled one of these clergymen. "Well, sir, you believe in the existence of God?"

"I do," said the good man in a low tone.

"You also agree that the circumference of the Earth is 25,000 miles, don't you?" said the Atheist with a smile of self-assurance.

"Indeed."

"Pray tell me then the size of your God and where he may be?"

"Well if we but knew, He resides in the hearts of us both."

"Now, now, don't take me to be a child," said the champion with a triumphant look at us.

The clergyman assumed a humble silence.

This talk still further increased my prejudice against Atheism. M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by M. D.*)

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# Two Pictures of Gandhi

I

... It was a huge crowd. There must have been seven or eight thousand delegates packed together on the floor of the tent. In the old days, I was told, it would have been a variegated crowd of many-colored turbans and fezes, interspersed with European hats and sun helmets. But now, since the days of non-cooperation, nobody wears anything but the white cotton "Gandhi cap." It is an ugly head-gear, like a convict's cap. The wearers of it find the similitude symbolic. All India, they say, is one great gaol; for its inhabitants the convict's is the only suitable, the only logical, uniform. From our exalted seats on the platform we looked down over what seemed a great concourse of prisoners.

It was the size of the crowd that first impressed me. Mere quantity is always impressive. The human observer is small and single. Great numbers, huge dimensions, overawe him into feeling yet more solitary and minute. In the world of art even ugliness and disproportion can impress us, if there be but enough of them. The buildings which flank Victoria Street in London are architecturally monstrous; but they are so high and the monotonous stretch of them is so long, that they end by taking on a certain grandeur. The individuals composing a Derby or Cup Final crowd may be repulsive, both in appearance and character; but the crowd is none the less a magnificent and impressive thing. But at Cawnpore it was not only the quantity of humanity assembled within the Congress tent that impressed; it was its quality too. Looking through the crowd one was struck by the number of fine, intelligent faces. These faces were particularly plentiful on and in the neighborhood of the platform, where the leaders and the more important of their followers were assembled. Whenever I remarked a particularly sensitive, intelligent, or powerful face, I would make inquiries regarding its owner. In almost every case I found he had spent at least six months in gaol for a political offense. After a little practice, I learned to recognize the "criminal type" at sight.

*"Pusillus, persona contemptibilis, vivacis ingenii et oculum habens perspicacem gratumque, et sponte fluens ei non deerat eloquium."* Such is William of Tyre's description of Peter the Hermit. It would serve equally well as a description of Mahatma Gandi. The saint of popular imagination is a person of majestic carriage, with a large intellectual forehead, expressive and luminous eyes, and a good deal of waved hair, preferably of a snowy whiteness. I do not profess to be very well up in hagiology; but my impression is that the majority of the saints about whom we know any personal details have not conformed to this ideal type. They have been more like Peter the Hermit and Mahatma Gandhi.

The qualities which make a man a saint—faith, an indomitable will, a passion for self sacrifice—are not those that extrinsicate themselves in striking bodily stigmata. Men of great intellectual capacities generally look what they are. Sometimes it happens that these persons are further possessed of saintly qualities, and then we have the picturesque saint of popular imagination. But one can be a saint without possessing those qualities of mind which mold the face of genius into such striking and unforgetable forms.

Looking through the crowd in the Congress tent the casual observer would have been struck by the appearance of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the President of the Congress, of Pundit Motilal Nehru, the leader of the Swaraj party. These people, he would have said, are somehow intrinsically important; their faces proclaim it. It is probable that he would never even have noticed the little man in the *dhoti*, with the shawl over his naked shoulders; the emaciated little man with the shaved head, the large ears, the rather foxy features; the quiet little man, whose appearance is only remarkable when he laughs—for he laughs with the whole-hearted laughter of a child and his smile has an unexpected and boyish charm. No, the casual observer would probably never even have noticed Mahatma Gandhi.

In the West we admire a man who fasts in order to break a world's record or win a wager; we understand his motives and can sympathize with them. But the man who goes out for forty days into the wilderness (and forty days, it may be added, are nothing in comparison with modern records), the man who fasts for the good of his soul, has become incomprehensible to us. We regard him with suspicion and not, as our ancestors would have done, with reverence. So far from worshiping him, we think that he ought to be put into an asylum. With us, the ascetic, the mortifier of the flesh for the sake of the "spirit," the self tormentor, has ceased to command respect. We still adore the saint who gives up wealth and worldly advantage for the sake of an idea. But we demand that his sacrifice shall not be too excessive, at any rate in appearance. We deplore such visible symptoms of sainthood as the hair shirt. We do not like a saint to sacrifice, along with his money and his worldly success, his clothes, his comfort, his family ties, his marriage bed.

In India things are different. Among the Hindus the enthusiasm for sainthood, even in its extremest manifestations, is as strong as it was among the Christians of the first centuries. Eloquence and energy and what is called personal magnetism are enough among us to make a man a successful leader of the people. But to capture the imagination of the Indian masses a man must possess, besides these qualities, the characteristics of a saint. A Disraeli can captivate the hearts of the English; he could have no sort of popular success in India. In India the most influential political leader of modern

times is Gandhi, who is a saint and an ascetic, not a politician at all.

*The Bookman.* *Aldous Huxley.*

II

...Mahatma Gandhi was there....The first resolution, by Gandhi, opposed the Asiatic Bill of South Africa, which seeks to restrict Indians. On this subject he made his only speech during the Congress. The cheers that greeted him were louder, more spontaneous, than those for any other leader. He sat in a chair—the only chair in the tent—while he spoke first in Hindustani and then in English. His body had been weakened by his recent fasts, but his voice was strong. He uttered the resentment of the dark races against the unfair power of the white. It was a cry which should be heard in America as well as in Great Britain. . . .

When the tea-time came, servants appeared and served the President and the leaders with cake and tea while the speeches continued . . . Gandhi was served his brass bowl of milk and raisins.

Around the Congress sessions there had grown up a small city of bamboo and grass huts and booths and tents.... Here was a bazaar of hundreds of shops called Gandhi Bazaar.... There were demonstrations of spinning and weaving, and exhibits of the fine cotton spun by Gandhi in jail. And everywhere there were cheerful crowds, interested not so much in the work of the Congress as in its leaders. Any rumor of the approach of a leader drew curious throngs. When Gandhi came through, they went wild with enthusiasm. He was their beloved saint, and they all wanted to see him and touch the ground where he had walked.

*Asia* *Charlotte Viall Wiser.*

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# Abolish the "Golden Rule"

[A New Viewpoint]

The most wicked actions are prompted by "love" for one's family; still worse deeds are inspired by "love" of one's country; and the most blood-curdling horrors of all are perpetuated in the name of "love" for humanity.—*Tolstoy.*

Because in our moron civilization the "Golden Rule" has achieved a more universal acclaim than is given to any other among the ancient, embalmed ethical dogmas, I esteem it to be among the most hurtful of our moral superstitions. By the "Golden Rule" I mean, of course, to include all of that platitudinizing of religious sentimentalists, which in various forms tells you to do to others as you wish to be done by, or to love your neighbor as yourself. This rule requires us to ignore differences of character and human service. By denying to our enlightened neighbor that higher esteem and better treatment, which is sometimes judged to be the natural advantage and reward of his superior social service, are we not holding out encouragement to ignorance and folly?

However, my quarrel with the "Golden Rule" is founded upon more serious considerations. Every tyranny of our sadistic rulers can and is rationalized, and for them justified, by their own pet brand of moral sentimentalism. It is my purpose to illustrate and justify this assertion.

The evils of the "Golden Rule" were first brought home to me through my study of Mormonism. As a part of their esoteric doctrine it was taught that for certain sins, such as adultery and apostasy, the penalty of eternal damnation is inevitable unless the blood of the sinner is spilled as an atonement for his transgressions. Let me quote official publications of the Mormon church to show how the logic of the "Golden Rule" requires some people to commit murder. One of the anointed "Mouthpieces of God" is quoted in the official organ of that church to this effect:

If ever I get so far in the dark as to lose confidence in any of the principles of the church, I hope that some of my brethren will be kind enough to give me a rap in the right place, that peradventure I may be saved from apostasy. (Vol. VII, *Deseret News*, 46; *Hosea Stout.*)

What must such a man do if he applied the "Golden Rule" to a neighbor who was losing confidence in any of the principles of the Mormon church?

The obvious result is not left to inference. Brigham Young, "the Mouthpiece of God," expressed it in these words:

But now I say, in the name of the Lord, that if this people will sin no more, but faithfully live their religion, their sins will be forgiven them without taking life. You are aware that when Brother Cummings came to the point of loving our neighbors, he could say yes or no as the case might be; that is true. But I want to connect it with the doctrine you read in the Bible. When will we love our neighbors as ourselves? In the first place, Jesus said that no man hateth his own flesh. It is admitted by all that every person loves himself. Now, if we do rightly love ourselves, we want to be saved and continue to exist. We want to go into the kingdom where we can enjoy eternity, and see no more sorrow or death. This is the desire of every person who believes in God. Now take a person in this congregation who has knowledge of being saved in the kingdom of our God and of our Father, and being an exalted one, who knows and understands the principles of eternal life, and sees the beauty and excellence of the eternities before him, compared with the vain, foolish things of the world, and suppose he be overtaken in the gross fault that he has committed a sin which he knows will deprive him of that exaltation which he desires, and that he cannot attain to it without the shedding of his blood; and also knows that by having his blood shed he will atone for that sin and be saved and exalted with the gods. Is there a man or woman in this house but who will say, Shed my blood that I may be saved and exalted with the gods?

All mankind love themselves; and let these principles be known by an individual and he would be glad to have his blood shed. That would be loving ourselves even unto an eternal exaltation. Will you love your brothers and sisters likewise when they have committed a sin that cannot be atoned for without the shedding of their blood? That is what Jesus Christ meant. He never told a man or woman to love their enemies in their wickedness; he never intended such a thing.

I could refer you to many instances where men have been righteously slain in order to atone for their sins. I have seen scores and hundreds of people for whom there would have been a chance in the last resurrection if their lives had been taken and their blood spilt upon the ground as a smoking incense to the Almighty, but who are now angels to the devils until our elder brother, Jesus Christ, raises them up, conquers death, hell, and the grave. I have known a great many men who have left the church, for whom there is no chance whatever for exaltation; but if their blood had been spilt it would have been better for them. The wickedness and ignorance of the nations forbid this principle being in full force, but the time will come when the law of God will be in full force.

This is loving our neighbor as ourselves. If he needs help help him; if he wants salvation, and it is necessary to spill his blood upon the ground in order that he may be saved, spill it. Any of you who understand the principles of eternity, if you have sinned a sin requiring the shedding of blood, ex-

cept the sin unto death, would not be satisfied nor rest until your blood should be spilt, that you might gain that salvation which you desire. This is the way to love mankind. (IV *Deseret News,* 397; IV *Journal of Discourses,* 219-220.)

I insist that this is not a misinterpretation of the "Golden Rule" but a literal actual application of it, by those having different tastes and ideals. I protest against having sadists and lunatics in high places apply to me this "Golden Rule" of "love," and do to me as in their morbid imaginations they believe they would like to be done by under similar circumstances. I cannot justify the Indian in burning widows upon the funeral pyre of their husbands because it is believed by the official executioner that he would like to be similarly treated if he became a widow.

In a publication purchased at the newsstand, and which is courageously labeled *"The Divine Life* Devoted to the Sacred Science," etc., I find this same savage instinct for the infliction of pain all justified in the name of "love."

In all the past those who have been actuated by love have been too lax, while those who exercised force have been too harsh, but he (Maitrey a Buddha) will make use of the Ministry of Pain quite freely; will not hesitate to cause one to suffer for his own good, but will at all times be actuated by the most perfect compassion. He will manifest his love through the suffering which he will cause to all who require the lesson of pain as a mean unto the end of their spiritual attainment. He will take the sword in one hand and the whip in the other, and will not spare either one; and yet will use both when needed with a heart overflowing with Infinite Compassion to all lives.

I want no one with a mania for blood to come at me with a sword in one hand and a whip in the other, not sparing my body from either. It is no more satisfactory to me because of the assurance that he inflicts his maniacal cruelty "with Infinite Compassion." Note the capitalization. Above all things, let us abolish the "Golden Rule" and all the unenlightened moral sentimentalism which upholds it.

I want no one to do to me as he would like to be done by, unless his ideals are also my ideals. I do not want his love until I know and can approve of his manner of manifesting it.

Every honest tyrant can justify his every tyranny by the "Golden Rule." Of course, as he sees things from the vantage ground of the throne room, he imagines that for his own good he would like to be treated as he treats serfs, could he ever become so degraded as are they. Ask the next bigoted Sabbatarian who would punish you for selling, or chewing, gum on Sunday, and he will assure you that he, too, would be willing to submit to similar punishment should he ever be sufficiently depraved to commit so heinous an offence against God. Every honest witch-burner could no doubt have said, and believed, that in burning witches he was only doing to others as he was willing to be done by, should he ever become sufficiently corrupt to make a compact with Satan. During the "holy" Inquisition humans were destroyed by Christian sadists most of whom believed themselves willing to suffer the destruction of their own bodies should these ever become the means through which the souls of others be lured to eternal damnation, as by the heretics. The operators of the rack and the guillotine were also justified by the "Golden Rule."

Even a Roman Catholic sadist of our time can use the language of love (and so of the golden rule) in justification for the indulgence of a sadistic persecution. This illustrates the point:

A Government which did not punish crime would certainly fail in love to its neighbor; a Catholic government which did not punish heresy would fail even more signally in that respect. (*Missionary Gazette,* May, 1915, p. 10, here requoted from; *Menace,* August 28, 1925).

Tolstoy was right in the quotation which heads this essay.

If society were composed of men and women inerrant in their discernment of an absolute truth, infinitely benevolent in all of their impulses, omniscient in the enlightenment of their selfishness, unswerving in their devotion to the most refined and most mature sense of justice, then the much-vaunted "Golden Rule" might work well. Since we have not yet evolved a perfect human, the use of the golden rule by our fellow savages and sadists must necessarily reinforce and sanctify the immature and morbid impulses which are so often determined by disease, errors, superstitions or even hallucinations. Consequently such persons justify the infliction of their cruel and bloody ideals upon the unwilling victims of their superior power. I therefore protest against the unquestioning promulgation of the "Golden Rule" as a desirable guide for conduct. I protest against having the "Golden Rule" applied to me, except by those whose ideals are in exact accord with mine. I prefer that others do to me as I wish to be done by, or else let me alone. Accordingly I look forward to a time when humanity will have outgrown all its moral sentimentalisms and regulate its conduct instead, by the restraint of our love-hate impulses by means of a larger understanding of the relations and behavior of human animals. When we are emancipated from the unconscious influence of institutionalized religion, such an objective attitude toward human subjectivity will be of the very essence of social science.

The foregoing considerations of personal expediency, when addressed to a popular audience, are perhaps the most effective arguments against the "Golden Rule." At my present stage of development, to me they seem not to be the most important. I wish to call attention to a larger social expediency which is usually overlooked by our moron civilization. From this point of view, I see the persistent and quite universal laudation of the "Golden Rule" as a means, often deliberately used, for increasing the emotional valuation of the sentimental method in social relations. But again, in this larger view, it is just this emotionalism, this general want of poise and its objectivity that produces all our deplorable human actions. So I see the insistence upon the "Golden Rule," as an important part of the general effort of religionists—to glorify, perpetuate and sanctify the infantile process of thinking through and for our feeling, instead of helping us to the more mature method of thinking, in terms of the behavior of nature's forces, even within the human animal, and in inter-human relations. From this viewpoint then I indict the general insistence upon the "Golden Rule," as a very great menace to better mental hygiene.

THEODORE SCHROEDER.

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## Persian Ideals

[*Gleaned from Bodenstedt's Mirza Schaffy*]

His God the Wise Man does not dare define or even name,
But deeply feels a Mighty Power, beyond all Time and Space;
The Fool, in his own image, makes his God to fit a frame
That suits quite well his own poor, narrow, wretched form and face.

*Auburtine Woodward Moore.*

# The Study Table

(Reviews by John Haynes Holmes)

### The Great Price of Freedom

Here* is a gallant book! Its thesis is the heroic life, and the need of such life today as yesterday if man's freedom is to be maintained. In this age of deterministic economics, it exalts man as still the maker of his destiny; amid the new teachings of the behavioristic psychology, it proclaims the prophet and martyr as the free agents of triumphant spiritual forces; amid the mad pleasure motives of the hour, it lays down duty to mankind as the abiding law of life.

The plan of the book is original and impressive. Accepting biography as "perhaps the best medium" through which to impart truth, the authors "attempt" briefly to interpret the lives of eight men and women who well deserve the title "Makers of Freedom." The heroes selected are Garrison, who won "freedom from slavery"; Booker T. Washington, who won "freedom from ignorance and poverty" for his people; Francis of Assissi, "freedom from materialism"; Martin Luther, "freedom from ecclesiastical bondage"; John Wesley, "freedom from moral and spiritual insensibility"; Keir Hardie, "freedom from social injustice"; Susan B. Anthony, "freedom from man's domination"; and Woodrow Wilson, "freedom from international anarchy." Following these biographical chapters, comes a concluding chapter, occupying a third of the entire volume, which sets forth our "present struggle for freedom." Not yet is humanity emancipated; economic, international, racial, political, moral dangers beset us on every hand; new heroes must fight new battles if mankind is not to be enslaved to sin and death. "We ourselves must Pilgrims be," in our time "launch our Mayflowers," if the goal of liberty and happiness is at last to be attained.

This book is an important, indeed a thrilling, piece of work. Its plan of setting forth the challenge of our day against the heroic background of men's answers to similar challenges in the past, makes its appeal to be well nigh irresistible. Furthermore, it is a job well done. The biographical chapters are something more than mere sketches; they are filled with well-selected material, skilfully massed for dramatic and spiritual effect. As for the chapter on present-day society, we know of no better brief summary of the ills which now confront us. This book is admirably adapted for study classes and young people's groups, but should find also the wider public of general readers.

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### Woodrow Wilson

This book** has been highly recommended but to us it was a disappointment. Mr. Kerney knew Woodrow Wilson intimately from the latter's entrance into political life in the campaign for the New Jersey governorship in 1910, to his last interview with the great man on December 7, 1923, less than two months before his (Wilson's) death. A newspaper man, trained to exact observation, he was "on the inside" of Mr. Wilson's career, and at critical moments was entrusted with information and charged with confidential missions of great moment. Indeed, he seems to have been one of the very few close friends of the President who escaped the experience of being cast out and thrown away. His books tells the story of the political years in Woodrow Wilson's life, more particularly from the standpoint of Wilson's development in the art of politics, and the relation thereto of his mind and character. From such a book, written by a man of rich experience, we expected new revelations, abundant first-hand material, but we didn't find it. Here and there are disclosures of conferences, agreements, personal statements, etc., but they are few in number and mostly unimportant. What we have is the elaborate minutiæ of the political struggle in Trenton and Washington as set down by one who remembers, as most of us forget, contemporary events as they are written down from day to day by the professional journalists. We have a feeling that any competent newspaper man, who had lived through the period—or indeed, for that matter, any fairly skilled layman with patience enough to consult the public files—could have written ninety-nine per cent of this book. Only we hope that in such case it might be better written, for Mr. Kerney's style is slipshod and slovenly beyond all excuse.

From the story as a whole, one gets an uneffaceable impression of the pettiness of affairs and the littleness of men in the field of practical politics. The book covers a period through which we lived in our mature years. As we turn its pages there spring to life again the old issues over which we got excited, and the public leaders, Republican and Democrat, whom we admired or despised. What feeble ghosts they all are now! The issues, even in this short perspective, are seen to be mostly of no imaginable importance; they stirred millions to vast storms of passion, they were fought over as though the fate of the whole planetary system were hanging in the balance, but now we see that it mostly made not the slightest difference whether they were decided one way or the other. As for the men, the mighty men who took themselves and were taken by others so seriously—the senators, the cabinet ministers, the ambassadors, the "bosses"—they are all names, mere names! Most of them come back to us as mere echoes, from which every intelligible aspect has disappeared. It is only a decade or so since these days, and most of these men have to be identified. A hundred years from now, and there won't be six names in all the hundreds listed on these seventeen pages of "Index," which will be remembered by any but the chroniclers. "Vanity, vanity, all, all is vanity!"

Of Woodrow Wilson as here depicted, perhaps the less said the better. Mr. Kerney seems entirely friendly, but he is also honest, and the tale which he tells cannot but diminish sadly the intellectual and moral stature of the famous President. Mr. Wilson had a magic power of words, both spoken and written, but how many of the ideas, so wonderfully clothed, were his own?—again and again is this question raised. Mr. Wilson had infirmities of temper which go far toward explaining many of the disappointments and tragedies of his career. He was self-centered, egotistic, almost to the point of mania. Deeper than all else, however, runs the question of his integrity. His whole public course is marked by inconsistencies, reversals of opinion, changes of policy and plan, of which the quick

*"Makers of Freedom," by Sherwood Eddy and Kirby Page. Published by George H. Doran Company, New York.

**"The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson," by James Kerney. Published by the Century Company.

transformation of the pacifist president of 1916 into the war president of 1917 is the most conspicuous illustration. Contradictions of this kind are common enough, and not necessarily discreditable (see Emerson!). But when they are so significantly related, as they seem invariably to be in Wilson's case, to motives of personal power and advancement, of sheer ambition, the doubts and queries inevitably arise. For years a conservative, the professor turned politician becomes radical overnight. Repudiating the initiative and referendum as dangerous and subversive experiments, he suddenly becomes their leading advocate. "His objections to (labor) unionism," says Mr. Kerney (p. 34), "were fundamental"—and he quotes Wilson's famous statement of January 12, 1909, "I am a fierce partisan of the Open Shop"; but a few months later, when he was a candidate for office, he was one of the best friends organized labor ever had. Wishing that something might be done "to knock Mr. Bryan once for all into a cocked hat," Wilson later goes out of his way to mollify the Nebraskan, accepts his help at the Baltimore Convention, and makes him his first secretary of state. Opposed bitterly to the preparedness agitation in 1915, he himself launches out on a whirlwind preparedness campaign in January, 1916, which set the country ablaze. "There is one thing I have got a great enthusiasm about, I might almost say a reckless enthusiasm, and that is human liberty"—this was Wilson's declaration on January 8, 1915; yet in 1917-18 he dominated an administration guilty of the most cruel and sweeping denial of civil liberties ever known in the nation's history. These are samples of the inconsistencies which Mr. Kerney, apparently in no unfriendly spirit, makes so conspicuous in his book. What do they mean? We do not know—the verdict of history, which Mr. Kerney says (p. 486) "will not be hurried," can alone give answer.

Meanwhile, whatever the answer, the sense of tragedy remains. For a certain period Woodrow Wilson was the spiritual leader of mankind in the hour of its most desperate spiritual need. He won and held his place through the sheer beauty and brilliancy of his presentation of the deepest longings of the race from out its mortal agony. Then—the great man fell. Because of untoward outward circumstance? Yes! Because of personal betrayal by his colleagues—Clemenceau abroad, Lodge at home? Yes again! But these are not all. There were inner causes of this tragedy—flaws in the temper, perhaps in the character, of the man himself. Every study of Mr. Wilson seems to prove this fact. And in this fact is found the perfect tragedy.

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# Correspondence

### Help the Passaic Strikers!

Editor of UNITY:

We believe you will be greatly interested in reading the August 5th issue of the *Christian Century* which deals quite comprehensively with the Passaic Strike. And we believe that after you have read this unbiased review you will agree that the situation among the mill workers of New Jersey should be called to the attention of the Christian readers of your publication. The sympathies of many of them, we feel, will readily be enlisted when they realize the full facts back of the Passaic strike and will be glad, once they know these facts, to have an opportunity to help financially in a cause so worthy of their aid. If you could therefore comment editorially on the mill workers' situation and call the attention of your readers to the fact that a committee of leading American churchmen and influential citizens is raising funds to supply milk and bread to the suffering infants and children of these 16,000 workers, it would be highly appreciated by this committee, the members of which believe that such editorial comment would lead many of your readers to contribute toward the Passaic Children's Milk Fund.

The hope that we have all had for weeks that the strike may be settled in August now seems near realization. However, we must not forget that even should it be settled tomorrow, the children will depend on us for many more months. Weeks will elapse before the parents of these children are again able to properly feed and care for them, as the Relief Committee has been doing. We must not fail the children during this critical period.

Contributions may be sent to the headquarters of the Committee, Room 638, 799 Broadway, New York.

H. S. RAUSHENBUSH, Treasurer.

[I am a member of this Committee, and know this appeal to be as worthy as it is urgent. The Passaic strike is one of the most heroic struggles in American industrial history for decent and just standards of labor. See the *Christian Century* (August 5th) for the facts! We hope many readers will answer this appeal.—J. H. H.]

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### War Resisters in U. S.

Editor of UNITY:

I have just had my attention called to your issue of June 7 in which there is an article by Sidney Strong on War Resisters. In that article he refers to the Ponsonby peace letter and asks who will lead in the matter of a peace letter in the United States.

The Women's Peace Union has already taken that lead. I enclose a copy of its peace letter. The English letter was addressed to the Prime Minister and there was at first the suggestion that the Women's Peace Union's letter should be addressed to the President. This, however, was decided not to be the proper course since the President has no authority whatever to call upon the citizens of the United State to aid or support war. It was felt, on the contrary, that our only obligation as citizens of the United States was to our fellow citizens. The peace letter indicates that there is an even greater obligation not to take part in war; namely, an obligation to our fellowmen in all countries.

The Women's Peace Union (165 Broadway, New York) issued the letter with the hope that it would be signed by men and women throughout the United States. It has no idea of confining it to members of its own organization.

ELINOR BYRNS.

*New York, N. Y.*

### The Letter

Fellow Men and Women Everywhere:

We, Citizens of the United States, believing that *war is a crime against humanity*, hereby unite with men and women organized as War Resisters in twenty countries on four continents, by declaring our determination:

Never to take part in war, offensive or defensive, international or civil, in any way, whether by bearing arms, making or handling munitions, voluntarily subscribing to war loans, using our labor for the purpose of setting others free for war service, helping with money or work any relief organization which supports or condones war.

We make this declaration now in order that our intention may be known to our fellow citizens while no war threatens.

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### From Germany

Editor of UNITY:

Long ago I wanted to tell you that I translated the "Peace Program for America" out of the July 27th (1925) issue of UNITY. . . . I got acceptance (for it) from Dr. Wehberg, editor of the *Friedensworte*, a monthly periodical. . . . I have not found any article as excellent and important as this one.

I am very glad you are publishing Gandhi's "The Story of My Experiments With Truth." I read every number

## The Field

*"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE

Before our Declaration of Independence declared that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and centuries before Abraham Lincoln added that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent, the Filipinos had long and repeatedly proven to the world that these same sentiments were theirs.

* * *

Republics are unfitted to rule over subject peoples. Not only is this true in principle; it is equally true in practice.

* * *

A strong local government is essential to govern wisely an alien people against its will. Such a government is un-American and prone to use un-American tactics. Its rule is based on force and force alone, at the last analysis. In the case of the Philippines it involves the repudiation of the promise of the late President Harding that "no backward step will be taken." Imperialism is still new to the American people. No one knew, in the early days of the occupation of Manila, just how the situation was to be handled. Nobody knows today, after a quarter of a century on the job, very much more than was known then. Some few people have fixed ideas on the subject but the more fixed they are the more inconsistent with American ideals of government, they usually prove to be. One of the great parties is frankly for an indefinite continuation of the present unsatisfactory, inconsistent, inconvenient, unbusiness-like and dangerous policy. The other great party is more or less strongly for giving the Filipinos whatever they want, in accordance with the principle of self-determination, providing, of course, that when such wants are definitely ascertained they do not prove disagreeable to a majority of the members of the party as well as can be judged by a majority of its representatives in convention assembled.

The American nation is worth little to me except as it stands for certain principles and ideals. If anything, I care not what, causes us to surrender these principles and ideals, we shall fall, and we shall fall deservedly. There will be no further excuse for our existence. Nature abhors useless organisms. The nation that adopts the principles which have made us great will, in turn, take up our position while we lapse into obscurity. If I am right, then a policy in contravention of our ideals is not only shameful but destructive.

Let us look a little into the motives of those who favor permanent or indefinite retention of the Philippines by the United States, and see whether there may not be some taint of this terrible sentimentalism in them. Primarily, we are told, we got into this mess by Divine Providence, and it's no use fighting against that. We have been foreordained to be schoolmaster indefinitely to the Filipinos and who are we that we should fight against God? We had no desire for the Philippines, no trace of imperialism in our national make-up, yet when Providence thrust this burden upon us we have borne it in the spirit of Kipling, with the sole motive of doing our share toward bearing the white man's burden.

* * *

American prestige would suffer if we should abandon the Philippines and the Filipinos should "Come a cropper." Hasn't American prestige been suffering ever since we tried to hold the Filipinos against their will and bungled into warfare with them? Is it not suffering today while we are still bungling and the brainiest Filipinos are openly advocating a policy of non-cooperation with the American Governor General?

One of the most ignoble of all the sentimental reasons for America's retention of the Philippines is the fear entertained by a great many capitalists that their interests here will be endangered by withdrawal. From the very beginning of American occupation, each of the great political parties has expressed as its goal ultimate independence of the islands. Hence any person or corporation making investments in the archipelago must have made them under the assumption that the profits to be gained were sufficient to justify the risk of any possible loss through withdrawal of American sovereignty.

* * *

American capital must, however, be prepared to compete with foreign capital on equal terms in a free and independent Philippines, losing certain advantages which it at present enjoys under American sovereignty. If it cannot so compete it does not deserve success.

What results may be expected by an early grant of independence? To answer that question with any degree of accuracy it would be necessary to know the terms of the grant, but the matter may be discussed in a general way on the assumption of an absolutely free and untrammeled bestowal of full and unlimited self-government which is, however, improbable in the near future.

In the first place, the Filipinos would be heavy losers from the passing of exceedingly valuable preferential privileges now given them in American markets. Their leaders recognize and appreciate this fact, but are willing to sustain the loss in exchange for the right to govern themselves in their own way. However, this loss may be altogether prevented by agreement between the two peoples for their mutual advantage, if desired.

Another loss to the Filipinos will be that of the protection against foreign enemies afforded by the American army and navy. It is not probable, however, that America will turn loose the Philippines without gaining for them a guarantee of their national integrity by the powers who were parties to the Washington conference, who are the nations most vitally interested in Pacific questions. This would, in my humble opinion, be a matter of no great difficulty. Furthermore, if America should retain coaling and, perhaps, commercial stations in the Philippine group, she would be bound to maintain the integrity of the entire archipelago for her own sake. The danger to the Philippines from Japan has been grossly exaggerated in the United States. The Japanese have never thrived in the tropics and no one understands that better than they do themselves. There is too much white

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with the greatest and deepest interest, and give it to my friends, who love Gandhi and esteem him as I do.

Enclosed please find remittance for renewal of my subscription to UNITY.

DORA KRAIS.

*Wurttemburg, Germany.*

### The Twelve Immortal Writers

Editor of UNITY:

My list of immortal writers agrees with yours with the following exceptions:

SHELLEY in place of MILTON.

(Milton lived longer, wrote more; Shelley lived in more intense rebellion, and wrote with more passion and less respect for the respectable—the issue is that of Pagan vs. Puritan; my vote for the Pagan.)

BALZAC in place of SCOTT.

(Balzac is the historian of human emotion, of human impulse. Scott was a clever producer of commercial fiction—first, to build a house; second, to pay for an unfortunate business venture. There is no social note in Scott—he was a snob. Nor can I forget that it was Scott who promoted Lockhart's infamous attack on Keats.)

*New York City.* JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

[SHELLEY is a good suggestion; "Prometheus Unbound" is one of the great dramatic epics of all time, and "The Cenci" is the greatest poetic drama in English literature outside of Shakespeare. BALZAC was excluded from our list by our definite exclusion of all authors who flourished in the last one hundred years; SCOTT crossed the border.—Ed.]

### The Virus of Racialism

Editor of UNITY:

In the last number of UNITY you ask if there is any limit to the sheer barbarism of a mind when poisoned by the virus of nationalism.

Yes, the hopeless condition of a mind poisoned by the virus of racialism.

Nationalism may be arrogant and cruel by choice, racialism must be merciless by necessity. Racialism reduces man to the condition of a mere beast among other beasts where greed and envy, hatred and fear, are natural and inescapable elements of his life.

*Philadelphia, Pa.* F. D'ALESSANDRO.

blood in their veins to permit them to do well under a burning equatorial sun.

* * *

Many Americans are of the opinion that American lives as well as property would be unsafe under an independent Filipino government. As a matter of fact, statistics will show that life and property are about four times as safe from violent attack in the Philippines as in the United States, which cannot alone be due to American sovereignty but must betoken a law-abiding trait in the people of the islands. Personally, I would rather take my chance as the last American in the archipelago than walk through the Capital Park at Sacramento, California, on a dark night.

* * *

There can be no material prosperity worth the sacrifice of contentment. The most rabid advocate of permanent retention of the islands by the United States has long since ceased to argue that the people wish for it. The proof to the contrary is too overwhelming. Those who favor immediate and absolute independence are certainly in a majority, while those preferring the American flag are confined, with but few exceptions, to the less highly civilized and smaller tribes, with a total population of less than a million, or one-tenth of the people of the whole group. To an American of old New England stock, the idea of the United States of America holding the sceptre of authority over unwilling subjects must ever be abhorrent. The Stars and Stripes should never float over a sullen, alien race, desirous of assuming its own place among the nations of the world.

It is asserted that the Filipinos are unfit for self-government because they have as yet no economic independence, because they have no army or navy, because they are insufficiently experienced in the art of science and government.

Every one of these criticisms would apply with equal force against our ancestors when they sought their independence. In "knocking" the Filipino we are knocking those about whom we have been wont to boast most proudly.

* * *

A great deal of capital has been made of the fact that the Philippine Government bank made a mess of its affairs, but much as I have read on that subject I have not seen a single American writer admit the fact that at least one highly trusted American was involved in that fiasco. Why can't we be fair?

* * *

On what basis and in what way can independence be granted to the Filipinos? There are as many ideas on this subject as there are people who are ready to give the Filipino the inherent rights which belong to every man. The contention that America needs to hold the islands for the sake of her trade with the Orient is proven absurd by the history of the British in Hongkong.

* * *

If America really needs and desires a seaport in the Far East as a naval station or center for maintenance and development of her trade with the Philippines, Japan and Continental Asia, such a port will gladly and freely be given by the Filipinos as one of the conditions of the bestowal of independence.

Congress should decide once for all what it is willing to do. Many of the leading American business and professional men, formerly bitterly opposed to independence, are now openly declaring themselves in its favor as opposed to the existing uncertainty of the political situation, which is paralyzing to every form of enterprise.

The least that we can do is to give to the Filipinos an opportunity to express their wishes at the ballot box, with the definite assurance of Congress that one of certain specified plans would, if approved by the plebiscite, be carried out by the United States. This is in harmony with our repeated views on the rights of the small nations or subdivisions of nations in Europe.—*John H. Whitaker, The Philippine Republic.*

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